

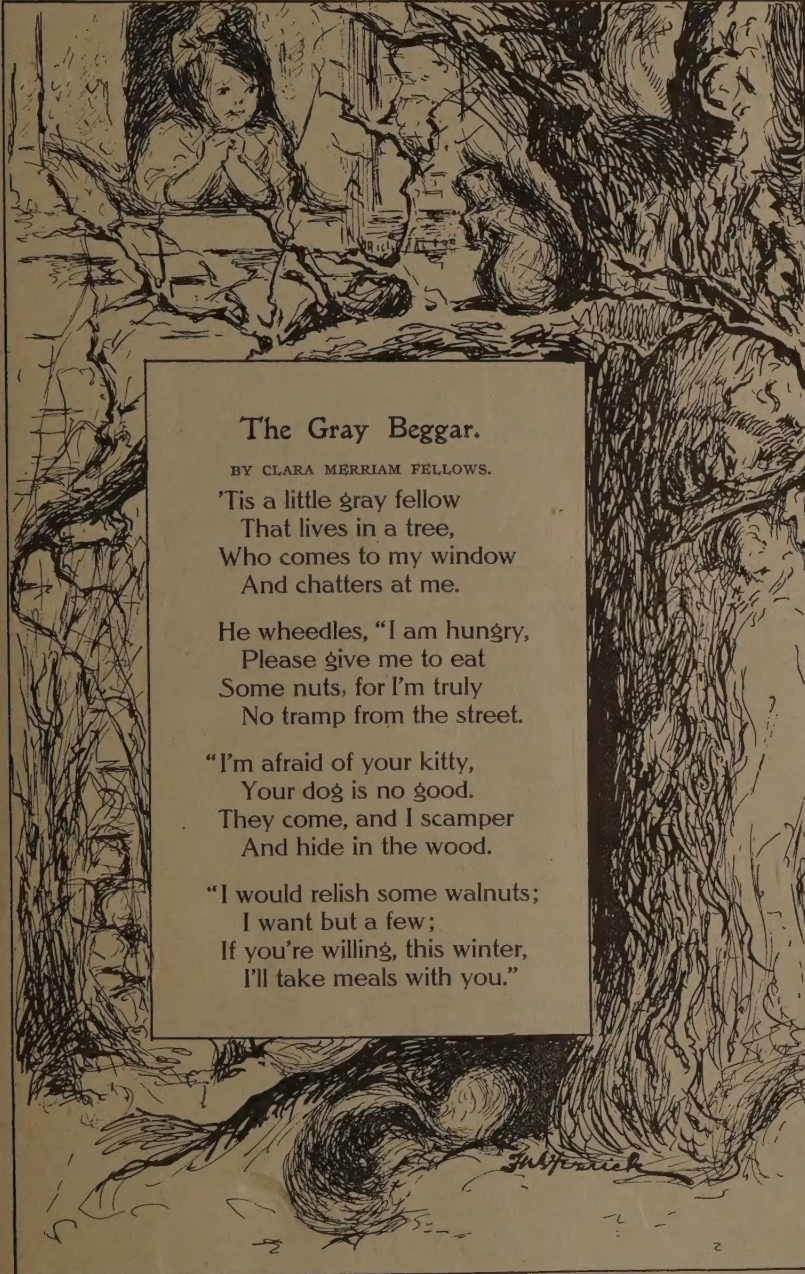
THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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The Gray Beggar.

BY CLARA MERRIAM FELLOWS.

'Tis a little gray fellow
That lives in a tree,
Who comes to my window
And chatters at me.

He wheedles, "I am hungry,
Please give me to eat
Some nuts, for I'm truly
No tramp from the street.

"I'm afraid of your kitty,
Your dog is no good.
They come, and I scamper
And hide in the wood.

"I would relish some walnuts;
I want but a few;
If you're willing, this winter,
I'll take meals with you."

Sharing Things.

BY ZELIA MARGARET WALTERS.

I.

LIFE had been quite exciting since the asylum burned down, though the night of the fire had been an unpleasant experience.

Mary had been awakened out of her very sleepest sleep by a frightened nurse shaking her. The building was filling with smoke, and the children of Mary's dormitory couldn't go down the stairs. Instead they all crowded to the window for air, and waited while the firemen put up the big ladder. It was while they were waiting that Mary missed Maud. Maud was smaller than Mary, and "not strong," so Mary had fallen into the way of looking after her.

"I awakened her, and told her to come," said the nurse, in answer to Mary's startled cry of "Where's Maud?"

"Can I go for her?" pleaded Mary.

The nurse hesitated an instant. She felt that she ought to go. But the smoke was getting thicker, and she was holding two crying babies. The beds were not far away. "Creep on the floor," she said, "and call if you need me."

It wasn't a very hard thing to do, only it made your heart beat hard to go away from the window where you could get air, into the dark, smoky room. Mary crept to the cot, and, not heeding Maud's sleepy protests, she dragged her along to the window. The sharp spring breeze made Maud shiver, and Mary put her arms around her, and hugged her up to keep her warm. Then a big helmeted fireman suddenly put his head in the window, and said, "Come on quick." He took the babies first, and passed them to another fireman behind him, and so on down the ladder. Mary pushed Maud up next. "She's sick, the smoke hurts her," she said, quickly unloosing Maud's clinging arms. The fireman lifted the children out rapidly, for it was hot in the room now, and the smoke was getting thicker every instant. They could see a red flicker if they looked back toward the glass door. When it came Mary's turn the fireman said: "You are a brave girl. Can you wait a minute until I take these that are crying so?"

"Yes," said Mary, and she stood back, and let him take Emma and Lora, who were screaming with fear. Mary was the last of all except the nurse, and red flames were leaping in the room when she was taken out.

The asylum was burned down, and of course the orphans had no home. A house near by was found the next day, but only a few of them could live there, because it was not large enough. The rest were to be sent to "visit" various kind people until the new asylum should be done.

How Mary hoped she would be one chosen to go visiting! If only she and Maud could go together! That would be perfect bliss. It would seem much more like being sisters if they were together somewhere "in the

If we cannot find God in your house and mine, upon the roadside or the margin of the sea, in the bursting seed or opening flower, in the day duty and the night musing, I do not think we should discern Him any more on the grass of Eden or beneath the moonlight of Gethsemane.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

Make for yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thought, proof against all adversity,—bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts.

RUSKIN.

country," Maud always hoped. "But anywhere just so we're together," Mary said.

People came all the next day, but they seemed to prefer the tiny children, who were nice to play with, or the big ones, who could help, and Mary and Maud were just in between. It looked as if they would not go visiting. Then on the third day, when they had given up hope, a man came and asked for Mary. He was the big, kind fireman who had lifted her out of the window.

"I've a place for this little girl," he said. "My parents live out in the country, and they're all alone, now that I'm settled in the city. I told them about this plucky girl, and they want her to visit them. You'll like it, Mary. There's cows and chickens and fruit, and a brook to wade in, and mother knows how to make little folks comfortable."

Mary hardly breathed until the matron said she could go. Then she breathed very fast because her heart was jumping for joy.

She flew to get ready, and then in the hallway she saw Maud smiling bravely.

"I—I wish Maud could go, too," she whispered to the matron.

"Don't you say a word about it," ordered the matron in her hurried voice. "Be thankful they're taking you."

"I'm awful glad you're going, truly I am," said Maud, as she buttoned Mary's clean apron.

"O Maud, I just hope and hope that you'll be next," said Mary, fervently.

The fireman's parents were waiting, and presently Mary was riding with them, through the sweet-scented dusk along the country road.

"I wish," she said, "that it was light, so I could see the things that smell so sweet."

"Bless your heart," said the pleasant old lady, "you shall see them in the morning."

"And lots of things besides," added the old man.

Mary was awake in the morning even before Mr. Arnold was ready to milk the cows. And that day of wonder was one that she never forgot. First there were the woods and orchard, the great green trees standing silent in the thin white mist of dawn. Then there were the rows of lilac and sweet currant bushes along the fences, and Mary was told to gather all she wanted. "I shall have sweetness enough for once," she said solemnly. There were the fascinating balls of fluff that turned out to be baby chicks, and the mild-eyed cows in the stable. She had a ride on old Dobbin's back. She helped gather the first strawberries. She worked in the garden with Mr. Arnold, and planted some seeds that were to grow into plants which should be her very own. She hunted eggs in the hay, and fed the chicks, and saw a nest with wee birds in it.

When night came, and she went to the white room upstairs, she added a solemn little petition to her prayer, "O God, please let me always live in the country."

The days that followed were as full of delight. Besides the things they helped her to do she discovered more things that she could do by herself. There was the little brook in the pasture, and under the big maple tree was a tiny island. Here she made a castle, and the most beautiful fairy garden you can imagine. The castle was very small, but it was made of pink and white stones, and a vine grew over it, and violets and ferns around it, and it was large enough for a fairy to live in. She wished Maud could see it. There was a row of whispering pine trees, and she liked to walk under

them, and think she was in the dim old cathedrals she had read of in the school history.

But she did not spend all her time in play. She carried a morning lunch to Mr. Arnold when he was in the fields, and she always waited while he ate it, and perhaps sang one of her songs. She set table and wiped dishes, and on baking day she made small cakes and pies that Mr. Arnold declared were even better than the big ones. It was the first time that Mary had ever had the fun of baking little things, and it was so pleasant that she had serious thoughts of being a baker when she grew up.

One day after supper she begged to be allowed to do up the work alone, for she noticed that Mrs. Arnold was not looking well. She cleared the table and washed and wiped the dishes. When she was putting them away, she heard Mrs. Arnold say: "That child is a real comfort. I don't know what I shall do when she goes."

"I'd like to keep her," said Mr. Arnold, as if the thought was not new to him.

"Well, so would I!"

Mary's heart certainly skipped a beat. She put the dish on the shelf, and hurried away, for certainly it is not polite to listen.

"What if they would!" she said to herself over and over as she walked under the pine trees in the twilight. It seemed as if that would be too much happiness for a little orphan girl who had learned not to expect much of life.

II.

She was so good after that, that they asked her anxiously several times if she felt quite well.

When Mary had been at the farm a month, Mr. Arnold came in one morning and said, "I've got to go to town to-day, and, if you'd like to visit your friends at the home, put on your bonnet and come along."

Mary flew upstairs to put on her best dress. It was a new one that she had helped Mrs. Arnold pick out and make. It had tiny pink rosebuds, and a frill of lace at the neck and sleeves. There was a hat trimmed with rosebuds to go with it, and new shiny slippers. It was very different from asylum clothes, and Mary's heart swelled with joy as she skipped down to take her place in the buggy.

The city streets looked a little hotter than ever before as they drove through them that July day. The house that took the place of the asylum stood on a bare, treeless street. Mary was shrinking a little as she got down. She half wished she had not come. The matron gave her a kind but hurried greeting, and told her to go and play with the children.

"Where is Maud?" asked Mary.

She found Maud in the yard, trying to sit in the shade of the board fence. If you sat up very close, you could keep the sun from your head. Maud jumped up, and flew to Mary's arms, and they hugged each other close. Then Mary held her off to look. "Why, Maud," she said, "you have been sick."

"Yes," said Maud. "The doctor said the heat was bad for me, and I ought to go away. But no one wants me. I'm so thin they're afraid I'm sickly. O Mary, I'm so glad some one took you. It's so hot and crowded here. I've wished and wished that some one right next door would take me so we could play together under the trees. Let's

(Continued on p. 17.)

Opportunity.

SAID yesterday to to-morrow:
 "When I was young like you,
 I, too, was fond of boasting
 Of all I meant to do.
 But, while I fell a-dreaming
 Along the pleasant way,
 Before I scarcely knew it
 I found I was to-day!

"And as to-day so quickly
 My little course was run,
 I had not time to finish
 One-half the things begun.
 Would I could try it over,
 But I can ne'er go back;
 A yesterday forever
 I now must be, alack!

"And so, my good to-morrow,
 If you would make a name
 That history shall cherish
 Upon its roll of fame,
 Be all prepared and ready
 Your noblest part to play
 In those few fleeting hours
 When you shall be 'to-day'!"

The Pacific.

Hurrying Wind.

BY HEWES LANCASTER.

WAIT a minute, Hurrying Wind:
 I want to hear your story," called
 Heart-of-a-Poet; but Hurrying
 Wind only shouted over his shoulder, as he
 hurried on:

"I'm busy. I can't stop to talk!"

"Then I will go with you, and we can talk
 as we work." And away they both went,
 dusting down the highway in frolic and
 glee.

"Where do you come from?" asked
 Heart-of-a-Poet.

"I come from between the moon and the
 sea," said Hurrying Wind.

"And where are you going?"

"Wherever I'm sent."

"And what are you doing?"

"Whatever I find to do."

"Tell me about some of the work you have
 done," begged Heart-of-a-Poet.

"Oh," laughed Hurrying Wind, "it is the
 same thing over and over. Watch and you
 will see what"—

But a pod beyond the fence cried loudly:

"Oh, Hurrying Wind, help me off with my
 load."

Heart-of-a-Poet looked and saw that the
 pod was loaded with seed until it was about
 to break.

"Poor pod!" he said.

Hurrying Wind laughed, leaped over the
 fence, caught up the seed and scattered them
 over the field. Before the pod could thank
 him he had gone hurrying on, because a
 brook at the bottom of the hill was calling:

"There is a stone in my stream that I can't
 get over."

Hurrying Wind ran up behind the whimper-
 ing water, gave it a shove, and away the
 waves went, rolling the stone as it rushed
 down to the sea. The brook, too, would
 have thanked him; but with a happy "Ha,
 ha!" Hurrying Wind had swung himself
 through a window into a room where a sick
 girl lay. He swept away the air that had
 grown warm and stale, pushed the smell of

medicine through an open door, and blew a cool breath over the girl's hot face.

"How nice you are!" whispered the sick girl.

Hurrying Wind did not hear her. He was already out of the room and racing across a pasture to where a herd of cattle fought helplessly against a swarm of flies. They stamped and switched their tails and tossed their heads from side to side in torment. Hurrying Wind just caught up the swarm of flies and whirled them around until they went spinning into space. The cows lifted up their heads to him in gratitude, but he could not stop for their thanks. He had caught sight of a boy who was trying to make a new kite fly. The kite would go up a little way and fall flat, go up a little way and fall flat. It had done that for dozens of times, and the boy was about to give up when Hurrying Wind got there. He picked up the kite and sent it sailing higher and higher until the boy could hardly see it—way up in the sky.

"Bully for you, Mr. Wind," the boy shouted. But Hurrying Wind could not wait to be thanked, for some little children in an orchard were calling him to come shake the plum trees.

And such fun as it was!—Hurrying Wind shaking the trees until the red and yellow plums came down like rain, the children filling their pockets and aprons, everybody laughing. Heart-of-a-Poet laughed, too.

"O Hurrying Wind," he said, "what a happy life is yours!"

"Oh, well," said Hurrying Wind, "we are all of us happy when we are helping. But there are days when I do more harm than good, and then I am no happier than you are when you have a lazy fit on you. And I'll tell you"—

But just then a pine tree bent down and whispered:

"A woman's heart is aching. Come harp among my needles until her poor, sorrowful soul is soothed."

And, as Heart-of-a-Poet stood bare-headed in the grass, he heard the hand of Hurrying Wind, tender and kind, harping softly high up in the tree.

Playing the Game.

BY MARSHALL PANCOAST.

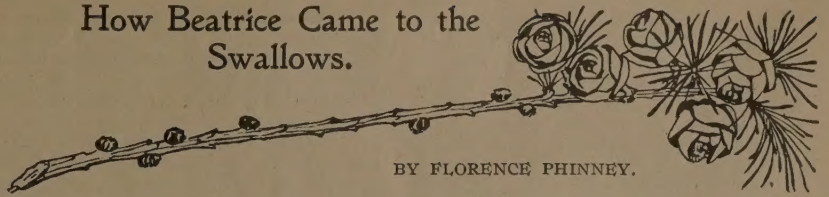
IF, perchance, we're playing tennis,
And we cannot quite agree
On a single point uncertain
That might win for you or me,
Let us drop the disputation
And play harder—don't you see?

If our nine-to-day is battling
With some other nine, let's all,
Bound to win the even struggle,
Rather than engage in brawl
When decisions go against us,
Play a better brand of ball!

On the gridiron, should officials
Penalize your team or mine,
With so much depending on him
Will a "hero" sulk and whine?
There is time to win, and fairly,
If he'll harder "hit the line."

There's a game that men are playing
In which bitterness is rife;
Some are jostling, shoving, cheating,
Wasting time and strength in strife;
But the wise man smiles and harder
Plays and wins this game of life.

How Beatrice Came to the Swallows.



BY FLORENCE PHINNEY.

This is the first of a group of stories which relate the adventures of the Swallow family. You will like every member of the household, father and Tom and little Jack, motherly Anna, the irrepressible twins, and Baby Jill. The second story, "Down Turkey Lane," will appear in November.

"TOM," said Mr. Swallow one October morning when breakfast was nearly over, "I shall be away all day; but, if you will gather the King Tompkin apples and pack them in barrels, I will pay you two dollars for the job."

"Why, sure," Tom answered; "but I don't want any pay for that, father."

"You will earn it, Tom. Mr. White is going to give me four dollars a barrel for them. I had a man engaged to do the picking, but he has disappointed me; and the apples must be ready to-morrow."

"They shall be, father."

"Haven't you undertaken quite a stunt, Tommy?" Fran asked, as her father rode away. Fran was Tom's sister, and a year older. "Wouldn't you like a little help from the weaker vessels?"

"You girls couldn't do much climbing, of course," Tom considered, surveying his four sisters tolerantly; "but, if you want to pick the lower bough, and are sure you won't drop the apples and bruise them"—

"Just as if we didn't know better than that," protested Floss, Fran's twin.

"How would you like to have your dinner in the orchard, girls and boys?" asked big Sister Anna, who was housekeeper.

The motion was carried by acclamation.

The morning chores, indoor and out, were done in short order. Anna began to pack the big basket.

"Don't forget the tarts, Anna," urged little Sister Jill.

"No, indeed, baby. Floss, will you get out the oldest tablecloth?"

Anna was in her element; for this blithe band of brothers and sisters had a way of combining work and play, feeling sure that the two things were meant to go together.

"I am going to pick apples, too," announced little Brother Jack, as the procession finally started.

"Yes, Jack, so you shall. Run back and see if I really did fasten the kitchen door."

Jack ran back obediently. Fran and Tom exchanged smiles at careful Anna's expense.

"Oh, Anna, couldn't you leave the house open just once? Perhaps a tramp or a burglar would really come, and I am dying for an adventure."

Anna smiled placidly at Fran's nonsense as she always did. Then she said seriously:

"Of course there is little chance of dangerous people coming so far from town to trouble poor farmer-folks, and I am very glad of it, for I am not at all brave myself; but father trusts us to care for things in his absence, and we must be faithful."

"Yes, dear, I know. I was only joking."

Fran gave her sister an affectionate little hug, and, taking the big basket from her, carried it to the nook under the big rock where it was to remain till noon. Then the work of the day began with a will.

The Swallows live on a mountain, in that old gray house nearest the top. What

mountain? Why, just any, only the nicest one you ever saw. Those big rosy apples you liked so much last winter were probably the very ones that they gathered and placed in the barrels so carefully on the day when—but wait!

Let us watch the six young people at work. In that way we get the best idea of them.

Anna works silently, her capable white hands moving with automatic precision, her brown eyes dreaming.

Fran does almost as much work as Anna, but she does it with an immense amount of fuss, laughing, scolding, giving directions to everybody, even to Tom, who, as master of the job, ignores her advice with masculine dignity, but secretly follows it.

Floss's barrel fills very slowly, but the apples are all right side up and arranged with artistic care. She hums a little tune to herself, and stops often to admire the slenderness of her new white shoes in the mossy turf. Floss dreams as much as Anna does, but with a difference. Her name should be Narcissa.

Jack toils manfully, dragging the basket of "pig-apples" till lured by Jill to investigate a hole in the orchard wall, which a hopeful imagination may understand to be the entrance to the home of fairies or field-mice.

All at once a mill-whistle far away in the valley proclaimed noon.

Tom came carefully down from a tree, so as not to shake off the ripe fruit.

"I know it must be as late as to-morrow noon," he said. "Have you girls forgotten there is such a thing as dinner?"

"Just let me finish this bough, Tommy. I am hungry, too," Anna said.

Floss and Fran were already spreading the cloth with white stones on each corner to keep it down.

"I wonder," Anna came out from under her tree and gazed under her hand, "I wonder what Jack and Jill are looking at over the wall."

"Somebody's coming. I hear wheels." Tom ran to the gap in the wall that overlooked the road. "Girls," he called, "come here!"

A banana man was urging his bony steed up the hill. There was little fruit in the cart, but he was accompanied by a banana lady and a starry-eyed banana baby!

Here was an event, an adventure, indeed. Such a thing had never happened before because the mountain is a long, long way from the dark tenements where banana people live.

The man, swarthy and scowling, looked up and saw the children on the wall. The woman spoke to him strange, foreign words. He stopped his horse, glancing suspiciously back down the road as he did so.

"Nanna?" the woman queried persuasively, holding up a bunch for their inspection.

The children were clustered around the cart by this time. They found the dark-eyed baby even more attractive than the fruit. She was much fairer than the woman, and a dainty little creature to belong to such rough people. She reached out her arms to Anna, lisping a single, soft unknown word.

"May I take her?" Anna asked.

The Italian woman—she smiled altogether too much, Fran thought—placed the child in Anna's arms, saying something at the same time to the frowning man. He shook his head in vehement denial, and turned his scowling glance once more down the road by which they had come. The woman shrugged her shoulder impatiently and turned to Anna.

"Milk?" she asked, indicating that she wanted some for the baby.

Before Anna could answer, Tom was already running back to the house for it. Floss and Fran foraged the basket for cookies and sandwiches.

The man ate like a hungry dog, the woman less ravenously. In the interest of feeding the baby the Swallow girls did not notice, but Tom did, and spoke of it afterward, that an angry argument, almost a quarrel, was going on between the man and woman in Italian.

At length the woman said: "We must go. Come, Trechie," holding out her arms to the little child.

The baby hid her face on 'Anna's shoulder. The woman laughed unpleasantly.

"You have bewitch her, prettee Madonna. See! I pay you for your goodness with 'nanna." She offered a big bunch of the fruit.

"Oh, that is too many," protested the Swallows in polite chorus.

"No, no, take them. Refuse not any good thing that shall come to you. The bad you may not refuse."

She laughed again, showing such white teeth that Jill hid behind Anna's skirt, and, when they asked why she wept, would only say, "That wasn't grandma, that was the wolf."

In the mean time the banana cart had driven off in a cloud of dust, and disappeared over the top of the hill.

The children went back rather soberly to their interrupted picnic.

"I hope they will be good to her," Fran said, and everybody knew what she meant. They did not care as much for the bananas as they had expected they would. Still, when father came home at night, it was a wonderful story to tell.

"I am sorry people of that kind have found the way here," was all the comment he made.

The next morning Anna, rising early to prepare breakfast for her father, thought she heard a faint cry. It seemed to come from the front of the house. Without a thought of fear, the girl made her way through the dewy grass, bringing out the odors of the mint and the bergamot as she went. On the broad front door-stone, evidently just awakened from sleep, lay a child, the dark-eyed child of the banana people.

"Oh, you dear!" cried Anna, catching her up. "How do you come here, and where are your father and mother?"

But the little one had no words to tell anything of her history. She was quite satisfied to find herself in Anna's arms. Mr. Swallow, coming in a few moments afterward, found his daughter feeding the little stranger. Soon the whole troop of brothers

and sisters arrived, and there was great excitement.

"I think it is lovely of the banana lady to lend her to us," said Floss.

"I hope they will never come to take her away," said Fran.

"You'll frighten her, children, if you crowd around her so," reproved Anna.

"May we keep her, father?" asked Tom.

"That two dollars of mine would buy her—er—something warm to wear next winter, you know."

"Tom Swallow! Just as if we couldn't make her heaps of things out of our old ones!" chattered the twins in scorn.

"Softly, softly, young people," father cautioned. "Remember there may be some one who has a greater right to this pretty child than you have. I must make inquiries in town and perhaps advertise. She may not belong to the people who left her here."

"I never thought she did, father." Anna spoke quietly. "See how fine her clothing is, and how her tiny nails have been cared for! She did not like that woman. She clung to me. I dreamed all night that the man was planning to harm her. Don't let them take her away till we are sure she belongs to them."

The father laid a gentle hand on his eldest daughter's shoulder.

"Do not fear, my dear. We will see that the little one has protection."

Little Jill crept softly to Anna's side and pulled at her sleeve.

"Did God send her to us?" she asked, in an awed tone. The family chatter ceased on the instant. Was that what her coming meant? God's gifts need not fall from the clouds. Human hands may be the bearers of them.

For a moment no one spoke. In the hush each one answered Jill's query to his own heart. The banana baby was a divine gift, a sacred trust. They would be worthy of it.

"What name did they call her?" Father's voice, a little husky, broke the silence.

"It sounded like Trechie; but the name inside the little cap begins with B." Fran was investigating. "B-e-a— Oh, I see! It is Beatrice. Trechie must be the Italian way of saying it."

"Trechie isn't pretty. I shall call her Sweetie," announced Jack.

"So will we all, Jack. I am afraid you are going to be a genius. Come on, Floss. Poor father hasn't had any breakfast. Jack and Tom, you can both help me while Anna finds out if our new little sister is ready for her nap."

Thus Fran marshalled her forces. In five minutes she was pouring father's coffee. From the adjoining room, Anna could be heard singing softly, "When the wind blows, the cradle will rock!"

The little bird out of her nest was in safe hands.

Olga, a Missionary Reindeer.

BY M. LOUISE FORD.

OLGA was a little brown-eyed fawn that began life upon the cold and rocky slopes of Norway. Every day she roamed over the rough pastures with her mother and the rest, browsing on the moss that grew plentifully everywhere,—just the food for reindeer.

But one day something quite wonderful happened. She, with a party of three hundred of her relatives, was driven over hill and dale to the shore, and loaded on a great vessel. Before long they found themselves floating upon the ocean, farther and farther away from their native land.

It was a new sensation to feel the swell of the ocean; but, when the reindeer found quantities of their favorite moss and a real water-

fall to drink from, they seemed to feel that the world moved as usual, after all.

Olga looked about wonderingly, perhaps surprised to see so many of her friends without their big horns. They had been taken off, for they would be far too much in the way on ship-board and would grow again in time. Olga's horns were only little ones, soft like velvet, so were not at all in the way.

After a long voyage, during which they were well cared for by their Lapland herders, they reached the shores of another cold country, and made their way across the ice to the shore, where were plenty of spruce shrubs for them to browse upon; and they gladly began to eat the fresh food, seemingly quite at home.

Now, perhaps, you do not realize that this company of reindeer who came to the cold and barren shores of Labrador came as real missionaries. There is scarcely a cow to be



"She looks at us questioningly with her beautiful eyes."

found in all that land; sheep and hens cannot be kept because the savage dogs which are used to draw the sledges are glad to make a meal of them; so butter, milk, and eggs are almost unknown to the natives.

Dr. Grenfell, who has worked among the Labrador people for many years, wanted to try the experiment of having reindeer to supply milk for the hungry, half-starved babies. Many a child has never seen the creamy white liquid that we have so plentifully; and fish, raw meat, and dry bread are not very good things to feed small children upon, and they do not grow well and strong upon such food.

Olga's mother was one of the best of these milk missionaries, and the fawn was glad to keep close to her side; for the savage dogs barked and howled, trying their best to get at the strange creatures that had come among them. Strong fences had to be built to keep the herd from their cruel teeth.

Those who could not give milk were trained to haul wood, and travel, drawing the sledges over the frozen snow-covered land, with strong harnesses about their powerful shoulders. A few died; but even they were useful, for the skins made good coats, warm and soft, to keep out the cold winds, and the sinews were used for sewing skin boots and harnesses. Others were killed to give good meat to the sick people in the hospital.

Olga has lived in Labrador five years, and no doubt has forgotten her old home. Her little baby fawns are petted by the children at the Orphanage, who delight to feed them and watch them grow from year to year; and she has furnished many a quart of good milk for hungry babies who have grown well and strong with so much good, nourishing food freely supplied them.

She looks at us questioningly with her beautiful eyes, not even knowing the meaning of the word; but I call her a real missionary, don't you?

Sharing Things.

(Continued from p. 14.)

sit down, and you tell me how things look, and what you do."

So they sat down beside the fence, and Mary told all she could, about the pines and orchard and garden and brook and chickens, and how kind Mr. and Mrs. Arnold were. Maud listened, her dark eyes growing like stars. Sometimes she gave a long sigh of satisfaction, but she hardly spoke. "When we are grown up, we shall live in the country and share everything," said Mary, a little uncertainly.

Then the matron called Maud in to lie down for awhile. "We don't want another sick spell," she said, in her hasty, kindly voice.

Mary walked about among the other children.

"The doctor says Maud won't get well if she should have another sick spell," one of the older girls informed her. Mary did not talk much. She was thinking, and the thoughts hurt. "Don't wait till you are grown up to share things," said one troublesome thought. "You've been in the country a month, and Maud not at all. And you are strong, and Maud is ill." These and other thoughts kept buzzing about like bees.

Maud came down presently, looking as if her nap had not done her any good, and Mary led her away into a corner, where the two heads stayed close together.

It was dusk when Mr. Arnold drove up to the door of the home. "Jump in," he said to the waiting little girl, and she took his hand, and obeyed. All through the ride home she sat silent. Mr. Arnold concluded she was sleepy, and did not talk to her.

At the farm gate he lifted her down, and bade her run in to mother.

"Bless me! Who is this?" cried Mrs. Arnold. For it was a strange little girl that wore the rosebud dress, and hat, and stood looking at her with frightened eyes.

"I'm Maud," she said. "Mary sent me, and this is her letter."

Mrs. Arnold smoothed out the little note, and read:

"Dear Mrs. Arnold,—Will you please let Maud have my place the rest of the time? She never was in the country, nor anywhere. She has been sick, and the doctor said she couldn't stand it in the city. She is very good, and will help you as much as I did. We've promised to share things, and I've had the beautiful country a month, so I think she ought to have her share.

Sincerely your friend,

MARY TURNER."

"Father!" called Mrs. Arnold. Then they both went into the kitchen, and read the letter again. Mrs. Arnold came back wiping her eyes. Then she gave Maud a big glass of milk, and took her to the white room upstairs.

The matron at the home was astonished to find Mary in Maud's place in the morning, but she had no objection if the Arnolds had not. Mary was more useful than ailing little Maud.

It was a week before Mary heard from her friends. Then one day Mr. Arnold's horse stopped at the gate. Mary flew out to see him. "Is she all right, and does she like it very much?"

"Yes," said Mr. Arnold. "She's all right, and mother likes her first-rate. But we've about made up our minds that there's room for two girls on the farm."

"Oh!" said Mary, in an uncertain voice.

"Yes," said Mr. Arnold. "We've fixed it up with the asylum folks over the telephone. You're to stay with us—always. So run and get your bonnet. I'm ready to start back now."

Little Son's Party.

BY MARIAN W. WILDMAN.

A Story about a Little Lad, for Older Readers.

LITTLE SON was five-years-old-going-on-six. In fact, he had been going-on-six so long that on next Saturday he would be six and done with it.

"You shall have a birthday party, Little Son," said his mother.

"With games and stories," said Aunt Jane; "and I shall make you a little round cake with six red candles on it."

Little Son jumped up and down till all his short curls bobbed.

"Who'll be my party?" he cried.

"You may ask just the ones you want," said mother.

"Only not too many," warned Aunt Jane.

"The round-cake tin isn't so very big!"

Little Son could count up to ten. So, "May I have ten?" he asked.

"Yes," smiled mother, "you may ask ten. That will make just twelve, with you and Baby Sis. The cake will cut into twelve pieces, won't it, Jane?"

"Oh, dear, yes!" said Aunt Jane, "into twelve huge pieces!"

"You can ask them when you go to kindergarten to-morrow morning," said mother.

Little Son trudged off to kindergarten the next morning all puffed up with excitement. They saw him stop at the gate of the Old Ladies' Home, next door but one, to talk to one of the dear old ladies who lived there.

"He must be telling her about the party," said mother.

"He'll be telling everybody he meets," said Aunt Jane.

"Bress his heart, de li'l honey-lamb," said Mamma Liza, the cook.

What with strawberry-short-cake-for-dinner and lots-of-company-to-supper, Little Son quite forgot to tell his family which of his friends he had asked to the party, and somehow his family quite forgot to ask him. Next day, after he had gone to kindergarten, they did think about it.

"I suppose he asked the little Jones girls," said mother, "and Harry Lee, of course, and Dr. Duncan's children."



"And probably the new minister's twins," suggested Aunt Jane.

They meant to ask him as soon as he came home, but, just before he got there, Baby Sis fell down and made her nose bleed; and everybody was so busy comforting her that the party was forgotten again. And the next day the circus came to town, and of course nobody could be expected to think of parties!

All this is to explain how it happened that Saturday came, and still not a soul but Little Son himself knew who were coming to the party. Aunt Jane spoke of it while she was frosting the little cake, but Little Son was off somewhere playing, and nobody had time to go and ask him. Mother was making dozens of cunning, teeny-weeny sandwiches; Daddy was turning the ice-cream freezer; Mammy Liza was slicing the chicken and cold tongue; and even grandfather was cracking nuts. And after that nobody ever once thought again about *who* was coming to the party till the party came.

By the time the parlor clock was ready to strike three, everybody was on the porch waiting. The grown-ups sat in chairs and sewed and read newspapers and acted exactly as if nothing were going to happen, but Little Son and Baby Sis couldn't think of sitting still. Little Son got his nice white birthday clothes all mussed up trying to do circus tricks on the porch railing; and Baby Sis flew about like a little elf, shrieking "The party is coming! The party is coming!" every time she saw anybody coming down the street.

At last the front gate clicked, and all the grown-ups looked up and got ready to welcome the party. But no: it was only old Mrs. McKinney from the Old Ladies' Home, who came slowly up the long gravel walk, leaning on her cane. She wore a neat black dress, and a trim white apron, and a cap with a bow of lilac ribbon.

"Dear me, I hope she isn't coming to spend the afternoon," whispered mother to Aunt Jane, behind the honeysuckles. "She's a dear old body, but we'll be too busy to talk to her after all the children come."

Just then the gate clicked again.

"Mercy on us," whispered Aunt Jane, "there's old Miss Jenney, too, and Aunt Tillie Bobbitt."

"Jane," gasped mother, clutching Aunt Jane's arm, "here come *all* the old ladies. There's Granny Smith and old Mrs. Yanders and"—

But Little Son seemed to understand all about it. Already he was half-way down the path, shouting at the top of his lungs: "Here comes my party! Hooray!" And Baby Sis fluttered after him, all ruffly and curly and pink-ribbony and sweet, calling back over her shoulder: "The party has came! The party has came!"

Aunt Jane looked at mother, and mother looked at Aunt Jane. Daddy looked at grandfather, and grandfather looked at daddy. But there wasn't time to say a word. They had to jump up quick and hurry down to meet the ten dear old ladies and make them sure they were welcome. And then plenty of comfortable rocking-chairs had to be brought out on the porch; for you see they had never dreamed that Little Son's guests would want anything to sit on but the green, clean grass.

Such a funny, jolly birthday party I guess no little boy had ever had before! First,

Little Son remembered that Aunt Jane had said there would be games, so games there had to be. The youngest and liveliest of the old ladies played drop-the-handkerchief and London Bridge with Aunt Jane and Little Son and Baby Sis till they were quite out of breath and had to sit still in the rocking-chairs and be fanned.

"Stories next, Auntie Jane," demanded Little Son.

But dearie me! The stories Aunt Jane had had all ready to tell to ten little boys and girls sitting in a circle on the grass wouldn't do at all to tell to a porchful of dear old ladies sitting in rocking-chairs and knitting. Luckily, she had a very bright idea.

"Let's let the company tell the stories, Little Son," she said. "Let's ask each one of them to tell a story about when she was a little girl."

And that is just what they all did—all the ten dear old ladies, beginning with Aunt Tillie Bobbitt, who was so very, very old that when *she* was a little girl there were bears and stage-coaches and Indians and tallow candles and things.

While the last story was being told, mother and Aunt Jane slipped away to see about the supper.

"We'd better make tea," said mother, tying on her apron. "They may not care for the pink lemonade."

"What about those chairs and that table?" asked Aunt Jane, suddenly. And then they laughed and laughed. You see they had just remembered the long, low table, and the ten little chairs that had been borrowed from the kindergarten for the party. Little Son would be dreadfully disappointed if they weren't used. Moreover, the table was all set and ready, out in the edge of the orchard, with flowers and gay Chinese napkins on it, and candy rabbits and animal crackers, and I don't know what besides.

"Well, they're none of them very *big* old ladies," laughed Aunt Jane. "I guess they can manage by curling up their feet a little."

So the ten dear old ladies, with Little Son and Baby Sis, sat in the little chairs, with their feet curled up under the little table. And they laughed and chattered and drank pink lemonade and tea, and bit the legs off cracker lions and the heads off candy rabbits, just as if they'd been sixty or seventy or eighty years younger. And the chicken and tongue and sandwiches and things disappeared so fast that it kept mother and Aunt Jane and Mammy Liza busy filling plates.

After the last crumb of the birthday cake was eaten, Little Son's party had to walk about a bit to get limbered up again. Some of the dear old ladies' feet were fast asleep from being curled up so long. But by the time Little Son had swung them in his swing, and Baby Sis had dragged them to see her sand-pile, and daddy had shown off his vegetables and grandfather his chickens and mother her flowers, all the feet were wide awake, and all the old ladies as spry as ever.

They didn't want to go home a bit, and everybody hated to have them go; but even happy parties have to come to an end some time. The sun was just setting behind the maples, and the sky was full of pink clouds, when the ten old ladies went home, each with a beaming face and a big bouquet. Little Son and Baby Sis and all the grown-ups stood at the gate and waved good-bye.

Over at the Old Ladies' Home that night they talked the party over.

"I suppose his mother put him up to ask us," said old Miss Jenney.

"Not a bit of it!" cried Aunt Tillie Bobbitt. "She told me herself it was all his own idee!"

"Now wa'n't that sweet!"

"Who'd have thought it?"

"Bless his heart!"

And all the old ladies were even more pleased than ever.

On the porch of Little Son's home daddy and grandfather and Aunt Jane were talking about the party, too.

"Now when I was a youngster," daddy was saying, "if we had a party, we boys always teased the girls, and somebody was sure to spill lemonade on somebody else's best frock; and once I fell out of a tree and broke my leg. I think Little Son's party was a big improvement."

Upstairs mother was tucking Baby Sis and Little Son into bed.

"Mother, dear, was it a *nice* party?" he asked her, eagerly.

"The very nicest I ever went to, Little Son," she said, giving him two good-night kisses instead of one.

My Grandma in the Olden Days.

BY FRANK HURBURN O'HARA.

I MUST tell you of the garden where my grandma used to walk, In the golden, olden days that are no more. There were hollyhocks and roses and such quaint, old-fashioned posies, And a rustic bench was standing by the door. It was here that she would linger while her sweetheart bade farewell, As the daylight from the garden slowly fled; And her tones were very formal, though her heart-beat was not normal, And bashfully she weighed each word she said.

But of all the curious customs when my grandma was a girl,

In the golden, olden days that are no more, More delightful than the talking was my grandma's way of walking

In the style that was so popular of yore. Then girls held their hands before them somewhat like the kangaroo,

And above them bore a sunshade, trim and neat.

Why, I see my grandma now—and her old-time stately bow—

As she made her way along the village street.

Out upon the side veranda grandma dozes, and is living

All the golden, olden days that are no more; For I know that she is dreaming of those times long past redeeming

In the half-forgotten, happy scenes of yore. And it's not at all surprising, when from reveries she wakes,

That she utters a remark we've heard before, "Well, these things may be all right, dear, but 'twas not at all like that, dear,

In the golden, olden days that are no more!"

The good never dies. Evil dies, cruelty, oppression, selfishness, greed,—these die; but nobility, love, sacrifice, generosity, truth, thank God for it, small as they are, difficult as it is to discover them—these live forever, these are eternal.

FRANK NORRIS.

PAGE FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

Wanted.

Please, sir, I want some paper
white,
The kind that grows to be
A merry lovely story-book
To hold upon your knee.

Please, sir, I'd like a brand-new
pen,
The kind that goes so quick
Your hand can scarce keep up
with it,
To stir the plot in thick.

Please, sir, I want to buy some ink,
The kind that's full of tales,
That makes the thoughts one wants
to think,
And never, never fails.

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN,
in the Youth's Companion.

Claude's Queer Cure.

IT was sad and strange, but Claude was selfish—very selfish. He wanted the biggest and the best of everything,—the first turn in every game, and the nicest and choicest always.

When his father made him a new swing one day, he made another just like it for his little brother, and for a while they had a very happy time. But soon some other children came to play, and then there was trouble, for Claude would not give up his swing for anybody, and Ross, the little brother, had to let them all swing in his, which made him get very few turns himself. You see, Claude had been selfish so long that he did not feel at all uncomfortable to swing back and forth, back and forth, while the other children looked longingly at him and waited for their turns in the other swing.

By and by mother came out. "Claude," she said, "you must let some of the children swing in your swing. I will bring out the little kitchen clock, and Maude and Harry may each swing five minutes in your swing. Then it will be your turn to have it for five minutes."

Claude did not like that plan very well, but there was nothing else for him to do when mother settled it that way; so he sat down beside the clock and watched carefully to see that Maude and Harry did not get a single minute more than their five.

He was so busy watching that he did not see Mrs. Day stopping in front of the house to speak to his mother, but she saw him.



THE APPLE HARVEST.

Sing a song of apples; picking is such fun!
Better still is resting when the work is done.

"Dear little fellow!" she cried. "How patient he is to sit there and let the other children have his swing! Let me take him with me for a ride. We are just going downtown on an errand and will be back in half an hour."

There was no time to explain, and two minutes later a surprised little boy was whirling off for his first ride in an automobile. At first he was too happy to notice anything, but presently he heard Mrs. Day saying, "I saw how kind you were to let the other children have your swing, and I decided that such a generous little boy deserved a ride."

It was the first time that Claude had ever been called a generous boy, and that very minute into his little heart popped a generous thought.

"Ross let them swing in his swing the most," he said. Then he added, "I wish he was here now."

"So do I," said Mrs. Day. "Let's go back and get him."

Back they whirled, and, when they started off again, there were two little boys in the automobile instead of one.

That is how it happened that a ride which he did not deserve was the beginning of the curing of Claude's selfishness, and it was such a good cure that in a few months everybody had quite forgotten that he was ever a selfish boy at all.

LOUISE M. OGLEVEE,
in The Mayflower.

Discipline.

I told you not to wet your feet,
You're not at all robust.
And now you've caught a shocking cold,—

Oh, yes, I know you must.
Why don't you do like Tommy there,
Who sits so quiet in his chair?

No, no, you've got to take it all.
Your pulse is pretty bad.
How can you ever have the heart
To make me feel so sad?
A disobedient child—oh, dear,
You'll spoil poor little Tom, I fear!

How shall I feel when I come home
And find him out to play
And dripping wet in all the rain
When I have bade him stay?
"He's cloth, and so he has to mind?"
O Fido, Fido! how unkind!

You'll have to take a spoonful more.

Remember all I've said.
That's all. And now the sun is out.
You ought to go to bed.
But, then, I know you'd never stay,
So, Fido, let's go out and play!

HANNAH G. FERNALD,
in the Child's Hour.

THE BEACON.

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From the Editor to You.

HAVE you ever been in a school or shop where machinery is tested? Each part must be able to stand a certain strain if it is to be useful. Wheels are made to turn at a high rate of speed, so that they can be guaranteed to make a certain number of revolutions a minute without flying to pieces. Pressure is put upon iron or steel, to test its fitness to resist the strain that will come upon it in use. In Kipling's story of the ship that found herself, the bolts and plates, rivets and beams creak and groan from the stress of wind and sea in a storm; but all prove true. They stand the test, and the ship bears its load safely into harbor.

Character, like machinery and like the ship, must be able to stand the test when it comes in our life. The days of training, in school and home, are to fit us for it. The way we will be likely to meet some large event in our lives is determined by what we have done in a series of small events, when there was little at stake.

George Meredith, the English novelist, in writing to his son who was at boarding school said, "The day comes when we are put to the test, and we should prepare for it with cheerful heart."

Our readers will do much to help secure the permanent enlargement of *The Beacon* to an eight-page paper each week if they will help to increase its subscription list. Our offer still holds good, to furnish one year's subscription free to any one who will secure ten single subscriptions.

If you receive the paper through your Sunday school, have you thought how it is to be paid for? Perhaps your school finds it difficult to purchase as many copies as it would like. Why not bring the price of your own subscription next Sunday as an offering to your school, as a token of appreciation of the paper?

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA V.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 11, 3, 5, 4, is something sharp.
My 15, 9, 16, 18, is made from a tree.
My 8, 3, 4, is what we all do.
My 14, 3, 13, is a horse's name.
My 13, 12, 18, is a dog's name.
My 6, 7, 14, is frozen water.
My 10, 6, 1, is an untruth.
My 4, 5, 17, 15, is part of the face.
My 11, 2, 13, is a bear's home.
My whole is a story in *St. Nicholas*.

ROMA WEYMOUTH.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

An R, and an N, and U, W, A,
You mix with four T's in the just right way.
Three S's, two O's, and two H's and E's.
The four words they make cover all lands and seas.

ROSE M. REGAN,
in *St. Nicholas*.

Young Contributors' Department.

[Letters for this department should be addressed to Editor of *The Beacon*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.]

THE two contributions below were selected for publication from the first group of subjects.

Sacred Music.

BY ELSIE L. LUSTIG.

(Age 15.)

TIMID wrens are singing sweetly
To their babies in the nest;
Jay's harsh notes are drowned completely
By the tones of Nature's best.

Bobolink and red-winged blackbird
Flash bright color near and far.
To Nature's forests are we lured
To learn what holy anthems are.

For the birds sing in a chorus:
"Praise be unto God, the Lord.
He it is who watches o'er us,
Him we always have adored!"

A Vacation Journey.

BY RUTH W. MORTON.

(Age 13.)

MY vacation this year was so different from any other which I have ever spent, that I thought other BEACON readers might be interested to hear about it.

Father is captain of a steamer running from New York to Cuba, and this year he invited me to take the trip with him.

We sailed at noon on a bright July day, and soon came alongside of the German steamship "Imperator," the largest ship afloat, which was on her maiden voyage into New York. Being on the bridge when she passed, I got a fine picture with my new camera.

On the fourth day of the voyage, which was Sunday, we passed Watling's Island, also called San Salvador, the first land sighted by Columbus on his voyage of discovery.

Every day was clear and bright, and, as we neared the Gulf Stream, flying fish were numerous. The water there is very blue, and the sight was new and wonderful to me.

While in Cuba I visited six different ports, gathering coral and shells on the beaches and tropical fruits from the gardens.

The orchids, which are plentiful in the forests, seemed very strange to me. Instead of growing in the ground, their roots are entwined about limbs of trees, drawing nourishment from them. There are many varieties, one of which holds water, and even in the dry season thirsty travellers may usually obtain a drink by tipping it upside down.

We climbed an almost perpendicular cliff to see the crater of an extinct volcano, and, after various other experiences, sailed for New York with the memory of the pleasantest vacation I had ever spent.

ENIGMA VI.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 26, 5, 2, 18, 1, is a wild animal.
My 3, 15, 18, 14, is a food for man and fowl.
My 19, 13, 9, 12, 5, makes the day brighter for many.
My 16, 15, 12, 9, 20, 5, is what we wish all children to be.
My 4, 15, 22, 5, is a bird.
My 6, 18, 9, 5, 14, 4, 19, is what we all want.
My 17, 21, 9, 5, 20, is what old people like children to be.
My 11, 14, 9, 6, 5, is what all boys want.
My 8, 15, 5, is used on all farms.
My 7, 15, 1, 20, is an animal.
My 5, 24, 5, 18, 20, is to try hard.
My 23, 15, 18, 18, 25, is what we do not want our parents to do.
My last is 10, 1, 13, and is beloved by all children.

My whole is something everybody has to know.

MISS BROWN'S CLASS,
Sunday School of Channing Church,
Newton, Mass.

ENIGMA VII.

I have 13 letters and am a famous sea.
My 3, 9, 13, 2, is the name of an inhabitant of a certain country in Europe.
My 1, 6, 8, is the French word for sea.
My 5, 12, 10, is a color.
My 11, 9, 7, is an organ of the body.
My 4 is a pronoun.

MILDRED K. HURLBURT.

A DIAMOND.

1. A letter in swallow.
2. A dessert.
3. A riddle.
4. Beginning of night.
5. A letter in Belgium.

Scattered Seeds.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 1.

- ENIGMA I.—American Unitarian Association.
ENIGMA II.—Mount of Olives.
SHAKESPEARE PUZZLE.—1. Portia. 2. Imogen.
3. Goneril. 4. Titania. 5. Isabel. 6. Beatrice.
CHANGED INITIALS.—Bent, cent, dent, Lent, rent.
THREE BOYS.—Will, James, Richard.

CONTRIBUTIONS for this department from children and young people are desired.

All contributions accepted and published will be paid for at one-half our usual space rates.

Names of contributors whose work deserves commendation, but cannot be accepted for publication, will be printed on an Honor List. Where two or more contributions are of equal value, one sent by a Club member who has won a place on the Honor List will be preferred.

CONDITIONS.

The writer must be under eighteen years of age, and must have already secured a Beacon Club button by writing a letter for the Beacon Club Corner of our paper, or by sending a puzzle to the Recreation Column. Contributions must be written in ink, on one side only of the sheet. Name, full address, and age of the writer must be placed at the upper corner of the first page of manuscript: when the contribution is prose, the number of words should also be stated. Under this the endorsement, "Original contribution, age correct," must be signed by parent, guardian, or teacher. Manuscripts should be folded and sent flat in stout envelopes. No contribution will be returned to sender unless an addressed and stamped envelope of proper size to contain it is enclosed. Any desired title for story, essay, or verse may be chosen, so long as the theme suggested is the one used; and a clever or striking title will count in the choice made for publication. One contribution only in each group may be sent by any one member, not one of each kind.

The Editor reserves the right to reject all contributions on any given subject if none of sufficient merit to warrant publication is submitted.

Address Young Contributors' Department,

THE BEACON,
25 Beacon Street,
Boston, Mass.

SUBJECTS.

[Prose offered must not exceed three hundred words; verse, not more than twenty lines. Puzzles must be original with the sender, with no two in of the same kind, and must be accompanied by answers and endorsement.]

Group III. Must be received on or before Nov. 1, 1913.

1. Story or Essay: "It happened at Christmas."
2. Verse: "When the Christ-child came."
3. Three puzzles, one to relate to Christmas.

Group IV. Must be received on or before Dec. 1, 1913.

1. Story or Essay: "One of my Pets."
2. Verse: "When Fields are White."
3. Three puzzles.

Group V. Must be received before Jan. 1, 1914.

1. Story or Essay: "Good Sport."
2. Verse: "A Valentine."
3. Three puzzles.